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Poetry.

TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung.
And he lifted his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear;
And he sang, "Hurra for my handiwork!
Hurra for the spear and sword!
Hurra for the hand that wields them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire;
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And they sang, "Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith and hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind—
That the land was red with the blood they shed
And their lust for carnage blind;
And he said, "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for man whose joy
Is to slay his fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his wo—

And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoulder'd low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong arm for the work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurra for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
made!"
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the
wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang, "Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow,
To him our prize shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where are the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon—
Where, O where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smile, the lover's sighs,
That were, so long ago?

Who peopled all the city's streets
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that worked
Another's hurt—
Where, O where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That were, so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who, whilst living, oft-times wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men
They knew not then
Their lands are tilled,
Their homes are filled—
Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago!

Tales.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

FORGIVENESS—THE RETURN.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

The wind was in the north-east!

Everybody knows that the wind can't help being frightfully and biting cold when it comes from that quarter, said to be the place to which all the ingenuity of man has not been able to get him an introduction. I do not see the use of it if he could, for, taking a long cold journey, when he knows at starting he will only be received in a cold, cutting manner, is folly.

The wind, then, was in the north-east, as near as could be guessed in the dark. If you turned your face to that quarter, you might almost feel certain it was, as the whistling sharpness seized upon all the prominences with such a numbing feeling that it made your profile a matter of doubt. Your face became too rigid for a smile, and the tips of your fingers painfully obtrusive; rubbing your hands was a labor in vain; to put them into your pockets is, in such cases, most advisable, as it dislodges the cold air which creeps all over you—ay, into your very boots, notwithstanding your patent straps.

The wind was positively northeast, and worked away in a most industrious manner, to do credit to the quarter from whence it came, undoing all that a soft south-west had been doing in a damp way, for days.

It turned the mud into hard-bake, and licked up as much of the puddles as it could, and there finished off by framing and glazing them in the cheapest and most fanciful manner.—The roads were as hard as the solid rock, giving a sound to every footstep, enough to startle itself! Knock! knock! knock!—hammer! hammer! hammer! went the merry soles—men, women, and children, very little children and all!

All the undertakers, living where they are never liked, could not have come up to it, even with their unaccountable multiplied knockings. It was as if the cold-hearted north-east was making a gigantic coffin, at a short notice, to bury the summer and autumn in. Like an energetic advocate for the early closing movement, it put up its sparkling frost-work shutters over every pane: so that the wooden ones might as well have been up, for what you could see of the goods and wares in the shopkeeper's windows.

Carters and working-men began to belabor themselves with both hands, in the most insane manner, after the fashion of devout disciplinants. Everybody seemed to aim at unusual velocity, carrying out the delusion that they were "putting on the steam," by the vol-

umes of smoke-like breath that rolled palpably around them. Yet everybody appeared pleased, although the tears did come into their eyes, and their respiration became alternately hot and cold.

It was certainly bracing and invigorating, sending the warm blood to the heart, and giving rise to pleasant feelings, thoughts of home and comfortable firesides, and pitiful thoughts for those without them. A north-east wind appears a cold and boisterous visitor, yet it blows open the doors of our hearts, and the doors of shelter for the poor, that only open at its bidding. Even in its severity it brings charity in its hand, and, with its cold finger, points out to us our duties, too often neglected at other times. So the north-east wind is not so bad after all.

The wind commemorated in the foregoing thoughts, was a frolicsome visitor of a few winters past, and, having gained its point, went the way of all winds; what particular way that is I do not pretend to know; for although we are pretty certain as to where it comes from, if there be any truth in weather-cocks, where it goes to is a puzzler.

Long coaches were then on the road, at their very best. I, and a companion to whom I shall have much pleasure in introducing you, had rubbed the frostiness off the window-glass of one of these conveyances, which was taking us down the road forty miles or so, and seen all that I have written about. My companion, for it is with him my tale has to do, and not with me—was a fine hale old man, between seventy and eighty—so his family Bible said; but he was a boy. Age had rumpled his cheek into a perfect cobweb of wrinkles, but had left the rosy color of youth almost as bright as ever. His well-turned leg was as active, and his eye as clear as at middle age. Time seemed to have pecked away at the tough old man, until he found it labor in vain, and then given it up in despair, to take his own time about his journey. The truth was, he could not touch his heart; when that is young, man is never old.

He was an independent man in the village where he was born, to which locality we were bound. The same roof sheltered his gray hairs that had sheltered him when sleeping in his cradle. He, watching for the London coaches, bent over the same gate that he had climbed up for that purpose as a child. His life, with few exceptions, had been one of calm and sunshine, undisturbed in his cottage with the turmoil and vanity of the great world.

I used to call him uncle, from a distant relationship by marriage; I did not care how distant. There is always a pleasure and a pride in deluding oneself into a relationship with the good. He, at the utmost stretch of his jocosity, called me "my lord," as I and the lord of the manor were the only two seen about in black, except, indeed, the gentleman who came over on Sunday mornings to preach, from some distant village. He being only a very small visitor, his coat was very little seen. My uncle, in the kindness of his heart, excused him: "Poor fellow," said he. "he has two more churches to attend to!"

We had progressed some miles on our journey, and found the cold getting more severe at every mile. Consequently upon the first stoppage to change horses, we alighted to

knock some life and feeling into our feet. At the door of the little inn, a small covered cart drew on one side to give us room. After ordering something warm, we popped into the large kitchen, invited by the roaring fire which illuminated the whole place. There, around its blaze, sat some poor shuddering wretches, who, we understood, were being passed to their parishes in the little cart which we had seen on our entrance. One more particularly interested us, from her extreme old age, which, from appearance, must have been upwards of seventy. The cold seemed to have made her more insensible; her almost equally frozen companions were attempting, by every attention, to bring back some life into the poor old creature.

"She's blind, too, poor old soul," said one rough-looking fellow, who was rubbing her bony hand between his palms, as he saw our pitying looks: "she'll never live the way down, I'm sure; it's come on so bitter, and that tilt draws the cold through us so dreadful."

"Where is she going to, poor soul?" said my pitying uncle, as he drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Thirty miles on, sir, answered the man; 'the village of —.'"

My uncle turned his eyes towards me; the very village—his own!

"I do not know her face," said he.

"I believe, sir, she's been a long time away in foreign parts, or somewhere; I don't know, rightly," continued the man.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" muttered the kind old man; "she must not go on; it would be worse than murder. Landlady," said he turning to the kind-hearted woman who had brought in a cup of hot tea for the poor creature, "Black Will's coach comes through here in an hour, she must go with him. I'll pay. Put her inside. He'll set her down: he's a kind-hearted fellow. Do what you can for her, there's a good soul."

As he said all this, in a hurried tone, he kept gazing upon the death-like features of the old woman, and passing from one shivering object to another to his hot glass of brandy and water. He drew out his purse, and put some money into the hand of the landlady. "Give her what you can to do her good," continued he, "and I'll see after her to-morrow. I live where she is going to. Wrap her up, you know, and—"

"Ready sir," says the coachman; the other insiders are in."

We bowed away. For a few minutes we did not utter a word; at last the kind old man began to rub his hands, and exclaim, "Well, getting out for so short a time as that circulates one's blood. I feel all of a glow—as warm as a toast!" No doubt of it, but not a drop of the brandy and water had passed his lips.

"Money!" said my uncle, placing the pegs leisurely and thoughtfully in the cribbage-board, as we sat toasting our shins before the sparkling logs on his hearth, after our cozy supper, on the self same bitter night. "Money, my dear boy, is given to us as almoners. Wo betide us if we break our trust! The reward for charity is unquestionable, is immediate; witness the glow that pervades the heart when you give to those who are in sorrow and distress. On the contrary, see the

continual misery of the foolish ones who close their hands and their hearts against the call of the needy, scraping a mountain of wealth, that they may die worth so much money, but not one blessing. They drag the worthless weight with them to the verge of the unfathomable future, and it sinks them

"Deeper and deeper still."

"If I ever feel indisposed, or out of humor, as the world calls it, (and we are all liable to megrims,) I go among my fellows, and give my mite where I know it is a blessing, and rightly bestowed, which is very easy to find out in such a community as this is. You would be astonished at what excellent physic I find it. Mind, my dear boy," continued he, "I don't preach nor wish to give you lessons, for you have forgotten more than I, in my simple way, ever knew. But these thoughts, after our painful scene of to-night, will find utterance."

"So take up your cards and let me see whether you play better than you used to do."

I did as he directed me, but, as had been the case on all my visits, I was most woefully beaten; I never was a card-player. My brain was galloping and careering away, upon a thousand subjects, called up by the last few hours' incidents. At last he threw down the cards with a laugh, vowing that it was no honor to beat me. I bore it like a martyr, and took my candlestick to retire to bed—we parted on the broad landing. I shook him heartily by the hand and wished him pleasant dreams; who doubts that he had them?

Such a bed! sweet as a bed of flowers, instead of feathers. No more bumps in it than the waves of the sea, like which it received me as I plunged into it.

That dear old patchwork counterpane, quilted to a miracle of warmth, was to me always like a memorandum-book of generations.—Little square bits of long-departed pride, snipped from the Sunday-going gowns of aunts and grandmothers all gone away, patterns of women. Could it have found tongues to prate of its possessors, what a strange history it would have been!

Tick—tick—tick! went the powerful old clock. It had me at an advantage now, and would be heard. It was an unusual sound for my metropolitan ears, and I began counting its vibrations. I positively felt as if I were swinging with its indafatigable pendulum. When I had almost got at full swing, much to my annoyance, the light of my candle, which I had placed on a well-polished old coffer or clothes-chest, sent up one of its little rays upon the frame of a picture that hung up opposite to my bed. I knew the picture well; it was a very poor drawing of a young female head, with high dressed hair, and a little gypsy bonnet, with flaunting ribands. In fact the style of the last century, so *outré* in our eyes at the present day, as we, no doubt, shall be to the eyes of a future day.

That picture was the skeleton of my uncle's peaceful house. Those blue eyes and rosy cheeks had made him a bachelor, but not a cynic. It was no secret; everybody in the little village knew of uncle's being "crossed in love," so I will tell you:

"More than half a century before, the gray-headed old man who slept in the next chamber, was the young athletic hero of the vil-

lage-green. From his independence a sort of squire—happiness, and the world all promise, before him. To love was part of his nature—the original of that little picture was the object—she was an orphan, though well provided for, brought up by an old aunt, and had never quitted the village of her birth. She was spoiled, and petted by every body, who, of course, called her the village belle.

"Young, handsome, and rich for his position, he soon became the favored swain, to the dismay of many who had dared to hope.—But who could rival him? None. The old people chuckled and said it was just as it should be—both rich, both handsome, and both such kindly hearts, what a merry wedding it would be.

"And so it would have been—but fate decreed it otherwise; months rolled on, and she leant on his arm at church and market, and the old people blessed them as they passed on their way. It was all sunshine!

"The feast or annual fair came round, and with it a host of visitors from far and near. The rich farmer and the poor cottager kept open house; all was innocent merriment and enjoyment. My uncle, and his almost bride, Annie Leslie, for that was her name, although no one, in my remembrance, ever mentioned it before him—danced with the best, and better than any body else, so said the village gossips.

"Among the visitors was a gay, dashy young buck from London, upon a visit to some farmer relation who had driven him over to see the frolics. The cut of his boots and the tie of his cravat almost set the village beaux mad. He was young, gay, and agreeable. His eyes soon fixed upon the village belle, Annie; he sought her for a partner, and danced his best. My uncle looked on without the slightest spice of jealousy, only pleased to see her acquit herself so well with the London gentleman. He felt proud of her.

"The feast was passed some days, when an alarming fever attacked the young lover who begged that Annie might not, in her anxiety, be allowed to come near him. He was obeyed, and, much against her will and entreaties, she was not permitted to approach his bedside.

"To the dismay of the village it was soon discovered to be that then most dreadful scourge the small pox. Many fled the village; Annie, among the number, was forced away by her terror-stricken guardian.

"Dreary and painful weeks passed over, and his life was spared, but his features were much altered, though not disfigured. He hardly knew himself as he gazed for the first time in the glass upon his changed features. He would not see his betrothed until, by change of air, he had removed all fear of contagion. So that three months elapsed, from the feast week, before he stood in the road of the village, looking out for Annie's return.

"She came, she welcomed him with tears, but there was a strange chill in her manner that penetrated to his heart. Too soon the busy tongue of rumor whispered the fatal truth. The London spark, who was staying close in the vicinity of her friends, to whom she had gone upon her lover's illness, had been constantly seeking her society and her regards.

"The noble and upright heart of my uncle shuddered. He sought her, and found that the gay manners and engaging air of the more polished lover had estranged her affections. Like a martyr he sacrificed himself for her happiness, or what she considered as such—he bade her be free. He felt that she turned from his altered features with little less than disgust, and it was only his former self she had supposed she had loved.

"She left the village, as everybody knew, to be married to another; no blessings followed her—for all knew too well that she had spurned a true and affectionate heart. He never loved woman again. His yearning heart still sought to know her fate, and after-years were often saddened by the knowledge that she had placed her fortunes in a rotten vessel, and that she was unhappy in her choice.

"More than fifty years had passed away, and he had not forgotten her."

The pecking of the social robin at my easement awoke me early the next morning, soon seconded by the cheerful voice of the old man, exclaiming—

"Come, come, my lord! none of your London ways—up and stirring—the toasted cake and eggs are crying 'Come, eat me!' You must be rapid in your movements, for I intend you to be my assistant this morning. It is my turn, I find, to see the coals given to the poor to-day, at the Crown stables—come, here's your hot water and your boots," with that he popped them into the room and bustled away, humming with a merry chirping tone some old-fashioned ditty, of which he had stores, about

'Tis sweet in the morn,
When sounds the horn,
And bucks a-lunting go;
For all my fancy
Dwells with my Nancy,
For she can cry, Tally ho! ho! ho!

We breakfasted like princes, and then bustled across the road to the "Crown" stables, where we found men, women, and children assembled, with wheelbarrows, baskets, bags, in fact anything that would hold anything, waiting for the charitable largess of coals, provided for them by the richer classes, so that they might not suffer during the inclement season. "Half a loaf and a whole fire is better than a whole loaf and no fire," said my uncle.

He had a thousand kind greetings from them all. I could not help smiling, as I placed down their names and families, at the severe look with which he whispered me that "we must be very particular, and not give an ounce more than the rules allowed." God bless the old man! he was continually popping some round-coal into somebody's basket over and above the allowance; and the little muffled-up urchins were clustering around him in the most perplexing manner, interfering sadly with his dignity. Children are the best judges in the world. They believe in him, and well they might; he felt with them.

Opposite to his cottage there was a roughly fenced-in slip of an orchard, which had been a continual annoyance to him. Boys will rob orchards. Apples, it is well known, are gifted with a tremendous power of seduction. There is a positive wickedness about the tree; it throws its arms over its boundary wall or

fence, right in the faces of passers-by, waving a load of golden temptation to their parched mouths quite irresistible. The orchard was not to be borne; it was the cause of more family squabbles, juvenile thrashings, and heart-burnings, than all the rest of properly walled-in, respectable orchards in the kingdom. The surly proprietor, however, wanted a small angle of ground, belonging to my uncle, to enlarge his stable. For once my uncle *finessed*; nothing but that straggling bit of cankered orchard would he take in exchange, and he got it. Happy day for the children; for he took down the board of penalties, nearly obliterated by revengeful throws from juvenile depredators' and with much humor replaced it with one of more amiable temper. On which was written—"Don't steal. Ask over the way."

From that day puddings had more apples in them. That orchard became a valuable Mentor to infants; for my uncle took care that all deserving children should look forward to it as a positive reward of good behavior in all instances, and a garden of Eden, from which all delinquents were excluded—It at last was only known as "the childrens' orchard."

We had just finished off our last claimant, when a boy came up to my uncle, saying that "Master Dover, the clerk of the parish, wished to speak with him," who, being very old, had sent a fleet messenger, "and that he was now waiting at my uncle's door."

We soon reached the snow-covered porch, where stood the old man, who was parish-clerk, beadle, wheelwright—in fact, a factotum. He was an old and respected friend of my uncle's. As we approached I saw that the old man wore a puzzled look and fidgety manner. He shook hands cordially with us, and entered the house.

"Well, Master Dover, what's the world's wonder that has brought you down so early this morning!" exclaimed my uncle, placing a chair for his visitor, and opening his little three-cornered cupboard, where he kept his unrivaled home-made wines, and producing a bottle and glasses.

"Why, my dear sir, I be rather puzzled, but they made me come about the poor creature you were so kind to last night, as old Black Will brought down. He wouldn't leave her anywhere, except at his cousin's, down at 'The Plough,' where, of course, she's been well-looked after. But, we want to know what to do, as we looks up to you, you know, and—" Here the old man rubbed his hair down on his forehead, and turned his eyes with an embarrassed look towards me, as if claiming my assistance in some way, I felt puzzled.

"Poor soul, poor soul!" replied my uncle, as he poured out the wine; "we must see about her, and find out who she is; and her right of settlement, and all that: but I'll pop down myself, and talk to them at 'The Plough.'"

"The overseer has been down, and—and he thought, as I was one of your oldest friends, I had better come down and talk a bit about it!" continued the old man, twitching and shuffling about in his seat, in the most extraordinary manner.

"Oh! right, very right! Here is your health, and as many more years as you wish yourself!" said my uncle, as he finished his

glass, and looked upon his old cotemporary with a benevolent smile.

As my uncle turned to the cupboard to look for a piece of cake, the old clerk motioned to me with a piteous look, holding up his hands and shaking his head towards my uncle, who, placing the looked-for cake upon the table, took his seat, and said, "Pray, Master Dover, who is the poor blind soul?"

"Ah, master, that be it: I ain't got courage to out with it; my heart gets in my throat! I wish they'd send any soul else but me. But, dang it! I be an old fool?" Here he wiped, with the sleeve of his coat, the positive perspiration from his brow, cold as the day was.—"Dang the thing! it must out, my dear old friend. That poor soul that you saved last night from death—after fifty year's absence—is—your Annie Leslie!"

I started towards my uncle, for I thought he would have fallen from his chair! A sudden paleness overspread his face, and his hands turned death-like, as he clasped them convulsively before him. His old play-fellow and friend looked upon him, in his violent shock, with the tears coursing each other down his rugged cheeks.

"To think," said old master Dover, "that she, sirs, whom I remember young, happy, and well to do, should have come to this? It's now gone fifty years, and more, since my dame went to school with her. She's down along with her now, sir. A bad husband she got when she choose to have that rakey ne'er-do-well! Ah, poor dear soul! after fifty years, to come back a pauper to her parish! blind, too!"

"Dover! Dover!" said my uncle, in a hurried hysterical manner, rising suddenly, with an effort, from his chair. "No, no, no no! Annie Leslie—for to me she will always be Annie Leslie—has not returned to the parish a pauper! No, no, no! poor Annie is not come to the parish! Annie Leslie has returned to me!"

We were soon hurrying along the pretty lane leading to the church, where dwelt many of my uncle's tenants. Here an old couple were quickly arranged with to receive the stricken wanderer, and to afford her every comfort. The parish clerk was working like a horse, although surrounded by willing hands, between my uncle's house and the asylum for poor Annie, all the day, carrying everything for her comfort that could be thought of. Late in the day, she was installed in her new habitation, under my superintendence; for my uncle dared not venture within sight of the place.

What must have been the feelings of that poor afflicted creature when she found that the rejected of her youth was the shield and comfort of her age!

The sweet bells pealed out from the modest spire, and the sun shone upon the next morning, which was Sunday. My uncle took my arm to proceed to church, but not by his accustomed path. He took his course up the village; for the old route lay by the door of the cottage where Annie Leslie was sheltered.

"My dear boy," said he to me, "the imperfect light of last night and my failing sight, have left no impression of the appearance, thank God! of Annie Leslie. I am to old

now, to tear from my imagination the picture that it has long held. I wish, for the few remaining years of my life, that it should not be destroyed by the sad reality. Therefore, I never pass that way to church again. She is cast from a sea of troubles at my feet, and I am spared to save her! What more could I ask? The rejoicing that is in my heart is indefinable."

His friends, as they stood clusteree round the porch to greet him, uttered not one word of the returned one; but every hand was held out for a grasp; no one would be denied. That morning, few eyes could be turned from that venerable old man; thoughts of him mingled with every prayer. His heart was at peace, for he had forgiven!

Parting with Emmet.

The evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had come to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning, in a melancholy mood, against the window-frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his irons smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailor. As for Emmet himself, he wept and spoke little; but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions.

In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long-past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection. At this very instant, the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church. Emmet started at the sound! and as he felt that this was the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with affection. The turnkey entered at the moment;—ashamed of his weakness, he dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man, meanwhile, approached to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance; but he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a little miniature of himself, and with his parting token of attachment, imprinted the last kiss of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned round, as if to gaze once more on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired; it was but for a moment; the dungeon door swung back again upon its hinges, and as it closed after her, informed her too surely, that they had met for the last time on earth.

"Father, what do they mean by raising things in hot-houses?" "Why, my dear boy, you are being raised in a house too hot to hold me sometimes." The mother seized a broomstick, but the father made tracks.

Historical.

Administration of Pius IX.

The enthusiasm of the Romans did not end with these splendid and solemn ceremonies.—All men spoke of Pius IX. as being the dispenser of no empty blessing; but that he came to bear liberty to the nations, redress to the wronged, and consolation to the afflicted.—Such, truly, was his ambition; and despite of recent events, we may not say that his desire has been altogether unfulfilled. During the two years and a-half which have elapsed since that gorgeous pageant, how many deeds of goodness and mercy have crowned his daily life! The liberation of the unhappy Jews from their prison-like abode in the Ghetto is in itself a noble monument of his enlightened spirit. During that period, wheresoever misery appeared amongst the Romans, there also was Pius IX. to be found, lending his best endeavors to relieve or to allay it.

On one occasion, when a certain district near Rome was deluged by the overflowing of the Tiber, so that the wretched inhabitants were flooded in their dwellings, and they themselves exposed to the complicated miseries of want, and of exposure to the inclemency of the weather, tidings of their misfortune reached the pontiff's ear. Not content with sending some aid to the sufferers, he resolved to inspect their condition himself, and mounting his horse, rode off briskly to the scene of distress, followed by the cardinals, who, accustomed only to lounge luxuriously in their coaches, inwardly cursed the active benevolence of their new Pope, which would not suffer him to indulge in lazy benevolence. Pius IX., on his accession to the papal chair, found himself placed in circumstances so intricate and perplexing, that it would have required the highest genius to direct them to a happy issue. By nature benevolent and firm, with a strong sense of justice, possessing an intelligent and cultivated mind, he longed to give freedom to his people, and to ameliorate their condition morally as well as physically. At the same time, his attachment to the church was ardent and sincere; and whilst he was full of indulgence towards his people, he was inflexible in his reform of ecclesiastical abuses, and was the practical opponent of all priestly tyranny. Many anecdotes corroborative of this assertion have been afloat in the world. We will relate but one, which has reached us from an authentic source. A Italian noble, desiring in his old age to atone for the sins of his youth, was advised by his confessor to bestow the bulk of his property on the church. He had two nephews, who expected to inherit his fortune, but, swayed by priestly counsel, he assigned to each of them only a small annuity, and made a will, disposing of his vast wealth in favor of the priest who should chance to say the first mass for his soul on the day of his funeral. This will was safely deposited with the proto-notary of the Holy See. The nobleman soon afterwards died, and the proto-notary, on opening his will

immediately communicated its contents to the sovereign pontiff. It was late at night when this news reached him; but the following morning he rose before the dawn, hastened to the chapel where the funeral rites were to be performed, ordered the doors to be opened, and offered immediately the sacrifice of the mass. Having thus constituted himself the universal legate, the holy father at once sent for the nephews of the deceased, and yielded into their hands the whole of their uncle's fortune.

With such dispositions, it may readily be supposed that Pius IX. was as bitterly hated by one body of his subjects as he was beloved by another. Among his fiercest opponents were the cardinals and the Jesuits; and their enmity was so generally known, that the populace, who used to follow him in crowds as he walked along through the streets of Rome, would cry aloud, "*Santo Padre, guardost dal bou-one.*" They feared that he might be poisoned, as more than one of his predecessors had been at the festal board. The Pope was eminently a favorite amongst the female portion of his subjects, who, heretofore, had been excluded from the Quirinal, as if they were accursed beings; but Pius IX. felt that the whole human race equally claimed his care, and no petitioners were ever sent away unheeded from his gates whatever might be their rank or sex. A clamor was raised on this subject by narrow-minded and evil thinking men; but the holy father pursued his course of kindness and mercy without being over-anxious concerning the opinion of his detractors. Among those of the fair sex who requested leave to pay him their homage, was Fanny Ellsler, the celebrated *danseuse*, who, on her arrival at Rome, humbly solicited the honor of kissing his holiness's feet. Her profession would doubtless have insured a refusal from any other Pope; but the good man graciously assented to her wishes; and she who had heretofore gloried only in the homage which everywhere awaited her, now bent her knee before the pontiff as a humble and obedient subject. By way of showing her respect, she had dressed herself magnificently, and put on all her diamonds; and however questionable the taste which dictated this display, it did not seem displeasing to the Pope, who accepted it as a mark of homage to the dignity of his office.

A few days before, he had received the Queen of Holland, whose toilet was far more simple than that of the fair *danseuse*. This was perhaps not the less gratifying to him, as royalty thereby signified its humility in the presence of one who claimed supremacy over the sovereigns of the earth.

The first act of Pius IX. was to grant an amnesty to those who had been banished from their country on account of political offences. At first the emigrants viewed with suspicion this act of clemency; but after a while, even these exiled patriots learned to confide in his honesty of purpose, and they flocked around him to the number of seven or eight hundred. He received them cordially, and encouraged the expression of their liberal opinions. But he was so clear sighted not to perceive that their de-

sires and expectations exceeded his power—nay, perhaps his intentions of reform.

The letter of a distinguished Italian refugee, dated from Rome in January 1847, just after an interview with the Pope, of whose benignity and good intentions he speaks with enthusiasm, thus describes his first impressions of Pius IX.—"I think the Pope is a rare and an evangelical man. I found as much facility in expressing my opinions to him as if he had only been my equal. We spoke long on the political condition of the country, on its industrial resources, and on the liberty of the press. After much thoughtfulness of aspect and manner, he approached me with an air of confidence, 'Son,' said he 'I cannot fully change the form of government!' Here was the seed of future dissensions. Pius IX. was sincere in his desire to reform civil as well as ecclesiastical abuses, but he was not prepared to grant the institutions which were desired by his people. His first prepossessions were all in favor of freedom and progress. He granted liberty of the press, and became quickly alarmed at its license; he appointed a civic guard, and was surprised to find that its ardor could not be confined within the limits he had assigned to it; he named a council, consisting chiefly of laymen, who should have the right of governing the country as well as of advising its chief.

Whether the Pope was unequal to the task now assigned to him, of guiding the vessel of St. Peter amid the storms of a revolutionary period, or whether the task he had undertaken was one too difficult for the ablest mortal to accomplish, we do not pretend to decide. Suffice it to say, that early in the past year symptoms of reaction began to appear. The Romans became more exacting, and their sovereign less willing to concede the privileges they desired. The appointment of Rossi, an Italian by birth, but a foreigner by prejudice as well as habit, to the post of Prime Minister, exasperated the people, and diminished the Pope's popularity. Early in November matters came to a crisis.—The Eternal City becoming the focus of popular excitement and disturbance, Rossi called to his aid a body of carbiners, whose entrance into Rome, with the professed purpose of guarding the avenues to the Chamber of Deputies, and thus influencing their councils, roused the people into frenzy.

The minister was so unwise as to use insulting language with reference to the democratic party, and in a moment of unbridled fury a dagger was plunged into his neck at the very door of the Palace of Legislature. This deed of violence took place on the 13th of November. On that evening a vast multitude paraded the streets of Rome, preceded by the Italian flag, and singing in chorus, "Blessed be the hand that felled tyrant!" Next morning an assemblage of thirty thousand people, consisting of soldiers as well as citizens, marched to the Chamber of Deputies, to require that the latter might demand of the Pope a democratic ministry, as well as certain concessions, the chief of which were, the recognition of Italian na-

tionality, and the convocation of a Constituent Assembly. The deputies joined the cortege, and proceeded to the palace of the Pope, who, in reply to their demands, said he would grant nothing to violence. This inflamed the populace, who threatened to set fire to one of the gates of the Quirinal, if the Pope continued obstinate, and vowed that they would, after taking the palace by assault, shoot every one of its inmates, the Pope only excepted. A small body of Swiss continued faithful to their duty, and kept up for some time a brisk firing from the windows; but what were they against six thousand civic guards and troops of the line, who were ranged in order of battle before the palace, with the cannon levelled against the principal entrance?

Pius IX., finding himself thus abandoned and helpless, resolved to prevent an effusion of blood by yielding to the demands of the multitude; he consented to receive Mamiani and his colleagues as ministers, and referred their other demands to the Council of Deputies. He capitulated in the name of the Swiss, on condition that their lives should be spared, and they were instantly sent out of the city, their posts being occupied by the civic guards.

Thus was the Pope now in the hands of his enemies, a prisoner within his own palace, deserted by all save the diplomatic corps, who gathered around him in his extremity, to offer him the security to be derived from their presence. It is said that on first realizing his fallen state, he burst into tears; and this has been imputed to him as pusillanimity; but it ought to be remembered that the feelings of Pius IX. were not those of an ordinary ruler under similar circumstances. A military despot, or a merely civil ruler, might have deemed it mercy, by the sacrifice of some human lives, to stem the torrent of revolution in its earliest stages, but he felt himself the guardian of their spiritual safety; and those tears which he is supposed to have shed, may have sprung from far deeper sources than those of cowardice or disappointed ambition. That he was not deficient in moral courage, is proved by the fact that even at the time of his imprisonment, he resolutely refused to allow his name to be attached to any of the deeds of government, and declined even to receive, according to custom, the daily reports of the officer of the guard.

During eight days he continued a captive in the Quirinal, that palace in whose balcony his advent to power had so recently been announced by the plaudits of a people intoxicated with joy at so auspicious an event. On the 24th of November he contrived to escape from the palace, in the suite of the Count de Spaur, the Minister of Bavaria, whose livery he assumed for that purpose, and afterwards accompanied him to Gaeta, in the disguise of his chaplain. It is said that one moment he was in peril of being recognized in an unfriendly village, but for the presence of mind displayed by the Bavarian Minister's lady, (an Englishwoman) who, pretending to be incommode by the heat, desired the blinds of the carriage to be quickly drawn down.

It was some before the escape inspired.—When it did, the news fell like a thunderbolt upon the Romans. A note was left by his holiness for the Minister Galetti, entreating him not only to spare the palace, but to protect the several persons in it, who were totally ignorant of his resolution to escape, and urging him to promote the quiet and safety of the city.

The town of Gaeta being situated on the very borders of the Roman States, it is evident that Pius IX. has not abandoned his hope of restoration: for many other more inviting residences have been offered to him; but he has expressed his desire of remaining where he is. There he is surrounded by the homages of the Neapolitans, whose royal family vie with their subjects in doing him honor. The foreign ambassadors and the cardinals have also gathered round him; and a deputation from Rome has requested an audience to supplicate his return; but the embassy was not suffered to cross the Neapolitan dominions; whether by desire of the Pope, or by the command of the King of Naples, it is not very easy to ascertain.

The year on which we are now entering will doubtless unfold a new page in the eventful history of Pius IX. What may be the future complexion of his destiny we shall not presume to surmise. Some aver that he is on the eve of allying himself with that despotism which has hitherto been so alien to his feelings and principles; others foretell that he will re-enter the Eternal City, shorn of his temporal power, and merely in the capacity of ecclesiastical ruler of a Roman Republic. Gladly do we leave the issue of present events to that Providence which guides and overrules the circumstances of national as well as domestic life; and we shall now close this brief sketch of Pope Pius IX., by earnestly desiring that he may prove both wise and firm at the present important crisis of his history.

An Eastern Beauty.

A new book of Travels in the East, by the Hon. Robert Curson, has just been published. A young beauty named Mouna, of the island of Philæ, of the Nile, whom the writer had known as a child, is thus described: She grew up to be the most beautiful bronze statue that can be conceived. She used to bring eggs from the island on which she lived to Philæ: her means of conveyance across the water was a piece of the trunk of a doom-tree, upon which she supported herself as she swam across the Nile ten times a day. I never saw so perfect a figure as that of Mouna. She was of a lighter brown than most of the other girls, and was exactly the color of a new copper kettle. She had magnificent large eyes; and her face had but a slight leaning towards the Ethiopian contour. Her hands and feet were wonderfully small and delicately formed. In short, she was a perfect beauty in her way; but perfume of the castor-oil with which she was anointed had so strong a savor that, when she brought us the eggs and chickens, I always admired her at a distance of ten yards to windward. She had an ornamented calabash to hold her castor-oil, from which she made a fresh toilette every time she swam across the Nile.

Religions.

Harmony of Christianity.

That a religion be rational, nothing more is necessary than that its truths should consist or agree with one another, and with all other truths, whether derived from outward nature or our own souls. Now I affirm, that the Christian doctrines have this agreement; and the more we examine, the more brightly this mark of truth will appear. I go to the Gospel, and I first compare its various parts with one another. Among these I find perfect harmony; and what makes this more remarkable is, that Christianity is not taught systematically, or like a science. Jesus threw out, if I may so speak, his precepts and doctrines incidentally, or as they were required by the occasion, and yet, when they are brought together, they form a harmonious whole. I do not think it necessary to enlarge on this topic, because I believe it is not questioned by infidelity. I will name but one example of this harmony in Christianity. All its doctrines and all its precepts have that species of unity, which is most essential in a religion, that is, they all tend to one object. They all agree in a single aim or purpose, and that is to exalt the human character to a height of virtue never known before.—Let the skeptic name, if he can, one Christian principle which has not a bearing on this end. A consistency of this kind is the strongest mark of a rational religion which can be conceived. Let me observe, in passing, that, besides this harmony of the Christian doctrines with one another, there is a striking and beautiful agreement between the teachings of Jesus and his character, which gives confirmation to both. Whatever Jesus taught, you may see embodied in himself. There is perfect unity between the system and its Founder. His life republished what fell from his lips.—With his lips he enjoined earnestly, constantly a strong and disinterested philanthropy; and how harmoniously and sublimely did his cross join with his word in enforcing his exalted virtue! With his lips he taught the mercy of God to sinners; and of this attribute he gave a beautiful illustration in his own deep interest in the sinful, in his free intercourse with the most fallen, and in his patient efforts to recover them to virtue and to filial reliance on their Father in Heaven. So, his preaching much on the importance of raising the mind above the world; and his own life was a constant renunciation of worldly interests, a cheerful endurance of poverty that he might make many truly rich. So, his discourses continually revealed to man the doctrine of immortality; and in his own person he brought down this truth to men's senses, by rising from the dead and ascending to another state of being.—I have only glanced at the unity which subsists between Jesus and his religion. Christianity, from every point of view, will be found a harmonious system. It breathes throughout one spirit and one purpose. Its doctrines, precepts, and examples, have the consistency of reason.

But this is not enough. A rational religion must agree not only with itself, but with all other truths, whether revealed by the outward creation or our own souls. I take, then, Christianity into the creation, I place it by the side of nature. Do they agree? I say, Perfectly. I can discover nothing, in what claims to be God's word, at variance with his works. This is a bright proof of the reasonableness of Christianity. When I consult nature with the lights modern science affords, I see continually multiplying traces of the doctrine of One God. The more I extend my researches into nature, the more I see that it is a whole, the product of one wisdom, power, and goodness. It bears witness to one Author, nor has its testimony been without effect; for although the human mind has often multiplied its objects of worship still it has always tended towards the doctrine of the divine unity, and has embraced it more, and more firmly in the course of human improvement. The Heathen, while he erected many altars, generally believed in one Supreme Divinity, to whom the inferior deities were subjected and from whom they sprung. Need I tell you of the harmony which subsists between nature and revelation in this particular? To Christianity belongs the glory of having proclaimed this primitive truth with new power, and of having spread it over the whole civilized world.—Again. Nature gives intimation of another truth, I mean of the universal, impartial goodness of God. When I look round on the creation, I see nothing to lead me to suspect that its Author confines his love to a few. The sun sends no brighter beam into the palace of the proudest king, than into the hut of the meanest peasant. The clouds select not one man's fields rather than his neighbor's, but shed down their blessings on rich and poor, and, still more, on the just and the unjust.—True, there is a variety of conditions among men; but this takes place, not by any interposition of God, but by fixed and general laws of nature. Impartial, universal goodness is the character in which God is revealed by his works, when they are properly understood; and need I tell you how brightly this truth shines in the pages of Christianity, and how this religion has been the great means of establishing it among men?—Again. When I look through nature, nothing strikes me more than the union which subsists among all its works. Nothing stands alone in the creation. The humblest plant has intimate connexions with the air, the clouds, the sun. Harmony is the great law of nature, and how strikingly does Christianity coincide here with God's works; for what is the design of this religion, but to bring the human race, the intelligent creation of God, into a harmony, union, peace, like that which knits together the outward universe? I will give another illustration. It is one of the great laws of nature, that good shall come to us through agents of God's appointment, that beings shall receive life, support, knowledge, and safety through the interposition and labors and sufferings of others.—Sometimes whole communities are rescued from oppression and ruin chiefly by the efforts

and sacrifices of a wise, disinterested, and resolute individual. How accordant with this ordination of nature is the doctrine of Christianity, that our Heavenly Father, having purposed our recovery from sin and death, has instituted for this end the agency and mediation of his Son; that he has given an illustrious deliverer to the world, through whose toils and sufferings we may rise to purity and immortal life.—I say, then, that revelation is consistent with nature, when nature is truly interpreted by reason. I see it bringing out with noonday brightness the truths which dawn in nature; so that it is reason in its most perfect form.

I.

After the Night comes Dawn, and after ages of oppression, the Star of Liberty comes to illumine the cloud of human despair.

II.

Liberty is not the right to do as I please or as you please. It is the freedom and the duty of the individual to labor for the community, and the freedom and the duty of the community to labor for the individual.

III.

God doth not delight in sin, and therefore in his own time and manner he will destroy sin from the face of the Universe.

IV.

Christ came to throw down priestcraft and to build up man. Too many of his pretended followers have devoted eighteen centuries of hard labor to build up priestcraft and to throw down man.

The Domestic Altar.

It is pleasing to find in private houses an altar raised to God. Nothing rivets family attachments wholly, so securely, as meeting every morning to pray for each other, when every petty difference must at once be laid aside, and every misunderstanding forgotten before the sun goes down. What can be more pleasing, also, than for the absent to know precisely at what hour they are remembered with the supplications and blessings of an affectionate family circle while those who remain together can enjoy no greater solace than in following them with prayers, and uniting, on their account, in every expression, or every anxiety, or pleasure, or sorrow, which each shares in common with the others. There is, indeed, no pleasure more to be prized than that of raising a family altar, where those shall daily assemble on earth, who hope, hereafter, to re-assemble in heaven, and not a wanderer lost!

Rev. H. W. Beecher,

Is making no small stir in the religious world, in consequence of his boldness in opposing some of the most popular opinions of his denomination. After a very bold sermon, delivered in the Christie street church in this city a few Sundays ago, he said, while the elders were taking the collection, that he had been looking for Watts' hymn, in which God is represented as quenching his flaming wrath in the blood of Christ; but, said he, I cannot find it, and I am glad that I cannot; I hope that it never will be found again, for it is not fit to be sung!—*N. Y. Christian Messenger.*

Natural History.

Chapter on Rattlesnakes.

BY WM. J. SNELLING.

Naturalists enumerate four varieties of rattlesnakes; we have seen but three. First the *crotalus horridus*, or great common rattlesnake; next, another like him in color, fangs, rattles, everything, in short but shape, being much shorter and thicker. Of this species we never saw but one, and that we killed. Lastly, the *Massissauga* rattlesnake, black, about eighteen inches long, and never exceeding two feet, whereas the largest kind attains five, perhaps more; we have heard of longer ones, but never saw them. One transported to the garden of the Dey of Algiers, is said to have attained ten feet. The *Massissauga* rattlesnake once abounded about the Falls of Niagara; perhaps does so still.

Though we have dissected and seen dissected, a great number of rattlesnakes, we are unable to say whether they are viviparous or oviparous. We never saw a gravid one.

The venom of the rattlesnake is contained in two glands, at the basis of the fangs, in the upper jaw. The fangs are very slender, crooked and hollow half way from the base. They fit into sheaths in the lower jaw and are of no use in mastication. They are not firmly fixed and are easily extracted by holding out a rag to the animal when irritated. He hooks on and cannot readily disengage himself, when they are torn out with a twitch, as one pulls a small fish from the water. The snake then becomes as harmless as any other serpent and may as safely be handled. When the animal is about to strike, he throws himself into a coil and sounds his alarm. His body swells, his colors brighten, and his eyes shine with preternatural luster. His head flattens, his jaws are thrown backward so as to form one plane.

He does not strike straight forward, as a bird would beck—with that motion, the curve of his fangs would strike first—he throws and hooks himself upon his victim. In striking, the fangs are pressed upon the glands at their roots and the venom is forced outward through the tubes into the wound. These fangs retain their venom for years after they are extracted.

The rattlesnake is easily avoided when first seen or heard, for he is a slow, clumsy serpent, never attacks unless irritated or alarmed, and will almost always get out of man's way, if suffered. He cannot leap his full length, he strikes only by leaps, and he is obliged to coil himself for each spring. He never pursues more than a few feet, and a slight blow with a small stick suffices to kill or disable him.

The courage of the *crotalus* is indomitable, his fight inextinguishable. He gives place to man, but not with fear: he returns slowly and turns at the first hostility, as if he should say, "I don't want to hurt you, but if you will have it, take it." Numbers make no difference to him. If you come upon him swimming the Mississippi (as we have seen hundreds of rat-

tlesnakes do in the spring floods) he gives your boat a wide berth, but if you pursue, he boards you boldly. He fights to the last, and springs at the hand that touches him, even after his head is off. When hemmed in and teased, he turns upon himself and dies by his own fangs as the scorpion is said to do.

It is said, we know not with what reason, that the *crotalus* does not acquire his first rattle till the fourth year of age, and that he increases their number by one yearly. We have heard of rattlesnakes with thirty-six rattles, but never saw one with more than fourteen. We have seen an infant *crotalus*, too, not more than six inches long, quite as spiteful and much more lively than his father and mother, and he had the rudiment of a rattle. It is said that rattlesnakes have a mortal antipathy to the ash tree, that they will pass through fire rather than over its leaves, and that the Indians wear wreaths of the same about their ancles, as a safeguard against them. We will answer for it that the Indians do no such thing, and that we have seen rattlesnakes under ash trees, unconcerned among the fallen leaves. It is said, too, that swine eat them alive, and sustain no injury from their bites. Cannot say—never saw a hog feed on rattlesnakes: never knew anybody to breed the latter.

The bite of the *crotalus* is not necessarily mortal; it seldom proves so to the Indians. It may be that, living temperately in the open air, as they do, their blood is in a fitter state to resist external influences than that of a *bon vivant* in New York can be. From whatever cause it be, they seldom, if ever, die of rattlesnakes, though sometimes bitten by them. Neither is death from the rattlesnake necessarily speedy when it does ensue. In the summer of 1832, we saw an Indian boy who had been bitten at the Redwing's village, on the Upper Mississippi, a famous locality of the *crotalus*. The wound was in the calf of the leg, not recent; the flesh had sloughed away two inches around it, leaving the bone entirely bare, and the lad was wasted to a skeleton. Nevertheless his case did not look by any means desperate, and we thought that amputation would have saved him even then. This was the only case of bite of a rattlesnake on a human being that we witnessed upwards of eleven years that we sojourned in a rattlesnake country. We heard of many others, indeed, and saw the scars.

We have reason to believe that the bite of this serpent in either of the limbs may always be cured in the following manner. Tie a ligature above the wound immediately, and another below it, tight enough to stop the circulation. Then cut out the wounded part, boldly; as well death by bleeding as by poison. Then let some person suck the wound with all his might; fearing nothing; for the venom is innocuous taken internally. We have seen several who were said to have been saved in this way, and we believe it was said truly.

There is a cure for the bite of the *crotalus*, a certain one, known to some of the Canadian voyageurs. These snake doctors themselves aver that their practice consists in a charm, or

spell which they mutter over the wounded part, tying knots in a string, the while. This is of course humbug; nevertheless, that they have a cure is certain—some of them are so confident in its efficacy that they will suffer themselves to be bitten for a small sum, by snakes which they keep for the purpose. We have tried to buy the secret of one of them, but in vain.

We believe, contrary to belief universal, that the warning note of the rattlesnake is not made with his tail but in his throat. His noise is not a ringing, but an acute continuous hum, without vibration, like that of the locust, which the horny excrescence at his tail is in no wise adapted to produce. This is a lifeless appendage, in no way connected with or under the control of the nervous system. Nothing like the same sound can be made with it when severed from the animal. Popular opinion proves nothing; if a cat had a similar superfluity, it would vulgarly be believed that she purred with her tail. Besides the rattle is not necessary to the noise, or the noise to the rattle. Another serpent, co-tenant of the region of the crotalus, makes precisely the same noise without rattles, fangs or venom. This is the Bull or Pine snake, as it is called in the Northwest, a harmless serpent, exactly resembling the rattlesnake, save in the particulars above excepted. Heard in the grass and the tail hidden in it, it is invariably taken for the crotalus.

As for the power of fascination attributed to the rattlesnake, we do not believe a word of it. In all the "well authenticated instances" recorded, we believe the fascination was nothing more than fear; as would be clear enough, if the fascinated would but own the truth. Of all places in the world, we believe, Lake Pepin, on the Upper Mississippi, most abounds in rattlesnakes, and there and elsewhere we have had thousand fold opportunity to study them. Yet we never saw an instance of this fascination.

The rattlesnake preys on small birds and quadrupeds, which it swallows whole. It is never seen north of the forty-first degree of latitude. It lies torpid in the winter. It climbs trees; how, we do not know and cannot guess; but we have seen it in the branches. It seldom harms human beings. It is said that deer kill it, by jumping upon and cutting it to pieces with their sharp hoofs. The Indians never harm it, but on the contrary, pay it religious honors and offer it tobacco smoke, by way of incense. As food, it is worthless, being tough, insipid, and fuller of small bones than a shad. We know; for we have tried it.

Once on a hot day in July, we were traveling upon the shore of Lake Pepin, with our gun in the hollow of our arm. Our way was along a wall of rock, which was parted from the waters of the lake by a strip of yellow sand about twenty yards broad. Across this beach lay the trunk of a large cotton wood; drifted thither by the waves at high water. We lazily threw our legs across the tree, when, O, sound of fear! a rattlesnake sounded his alarm between our advanced foot and the tree. There

he lay in his coil, his tail vibrating with unutterable wickedness. Our cap rose from our head and we stood astride of the tree paralyzed—we are not ashamed to own it. Some may call this fascination—we are sure it was terror. Stopped as we were, by the tree, we had no power to make a sudden spring. If we advanced, the snake would strike; he would strike if we drew back; never was man in a situation more helpless and apparently desperate. The cold sweat stood on our brow in drops as big as buck shot. How long we stood thus, we cannot tell; it seemed an age; at last presence of mind and courage returned. With hand moving as slowly as the hour hand of a clock we cocked the gun; as slowly we turned it into a vertical position; then drew the trigger, and our dangerous janitor lay, withering and quivering in half-a-dozen pieces.

We ate that snake, fried, for supper, and thence we knew how the crotalus horridus tastes.—*Boston Herald*, 1848.

The Frigate Bird.

The following is the account given by the Bishop of Norwich at the late meeting of the Ipswich Museum of Natural History. He had sent to the museum that day a specimen of the Frigate Bird—which was literally a tenant of the air; it lived in the air, slept in the air, and never came to the shore except in the breeding season. The explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon was as simple as possible. It was admirably constructed for the purposes of existence. It had an enormous pouch beneath its throat, its skin was loose, its bones and arteries were like air-vessels; and with an extraordinary expansion of tail and wings it could, by imbibing a quantity of air, and rarefying it within its body, become, in fact, an air balloon. In this manner it floated in the air even during sleep.

Large Ichthyosaurus.

The largest specimen of this remarkable fossil reptile, as yet in this country, has just been received by Prof. Webster, from Somersetshire, England. It is seven feet long, and with the rock in which it is embedded weighs half a ton. The Professor has also added it to the mineralogical and geological cabinet of Harvard College, where, we have no doubt, it will be quite at home with its old acquaintance the Mastodon, obtained by the same gentleman, from New Jersey, a year or two since.

The Cat a Barometer.

When cats comb themselves, it is a sign of rain, because the moisture which is in the air before the rain, insinuating itself into the fur of this animal, moves her to smooth the same and cover her body with it, so that she may the less feel the inconvenience of winter; as, on the contrary, she opens her fur in the summer, that she may the better receive the refreshing of the moist season.

A good toast for an agricultural dinner party: "*The Plow*—Its own share in a bank of earth is worth ten in a bank of paper.

Miscellany.

President Taylor.

My letter, which has somewhat exceeded the length you prescribed, I must conclude by relating two authentically reported scenes, which were related to me the other day by one of the most distinguished gentlemen of this place. It seems that, when at Washington, the committee of seventy-six of the original Taylor men of Philadelphia waited upon Gen. Taylor to remonstrate against the appointment of Mr. Meredith as Secretary of the Treasury. Said the General:

"Is not Mr. Meredith an able man?"

"Certainly."

"Is he not a gentleman and a good neighbor?"

"None more so!"

"Well, why object to him?"

"We have other preferences."

"Very well, gentlemen, if you are not satisfied with Mr. Meredith, I shall continue Mr. Walker."

The committee of seventy-six, as you may suppose, surrendered to the "one man power at once."

Josiah Randall, Esq., was informed by the President, while conferring with him, that an effort was being made by some Philadelphia whigs to have Dr. Patterson, the present able and gentlemanly Director of the Mint, removed.

"Well," said the President, "has Dr. Patterson ever meddled in politics?"

"No, never," replied Mr. Randall.

"But," says the President, "they say that the office has been in the family for forty years! Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Is Dr. P. competent?" asked the President, "and is he a gentleman?"

"Both," answered Mr. R.

"Then sir," added old Rough and Ready, "I don't care if the office has been in the family five hundred years!"

Here is commendable independence and patriotism.—*St. Louis Reville*.

Marrying for Money.

Bulwer, in the last Blackwood—the Caxtons—says:—

"For you, my dear, and frank, and high souled young friend—for you I should say, fly from a load upon the heart, on the genius, the energy, the pride, and the spirit, which not one man in a thousand can bear; fly from the curse of owing every thing to a wife! It is a reversal of all natural position—it is a blow to all the manhood within us. You know not what it is; I do! My wife's fortune came not until after marriage. So far so well; it saved my reputation from the charge of fortune-hunting. But I tell you fairly, that if it had never come at all I should be a prouder, a greater, and a happier man than I have ever been, or ever can be, with all its advantages. It has been a mill stone round my neck. And yet Ellinor has never breathed a word that wounded my pride."

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair.

W. L. PALMER, is our authorized Agent.

Emigrant Cars.

Our attention was recently directed to the brutal treatment to which emigrants are subjected on our rail-roads, by the following circumstance.—One of the Collectors on a neighboring road, entered an emigrant car in the night, to collect the fare. Immediately, the lamp he carried became dim, and was nearly extinguished. On taking it into the air, it again burned with its usual brightness. This was repeated several times, till it became certain that the cause of the phenomenon was the frightful condition of the atmosphere within the car.

The Conductor added that he found it impossible to remain breathing that air longer than a few moments; and that the better way to provide for the collection of the fare, would be by means of an opening through which the hand could be introduced and the Collector remain outside.

Our books of science tell us that when a light is extinguished in consequence of an impurity of air, life cannot be sustained in it. Experience has fully proved the truth of the statement, and we regard with horror an occasional account of some loss of life from this cause—particularly, if it happened in Hindostan or the English mines. But here is an instance where rich companies of Christian men, in our very midst, subject a portion of the travelers on their roads, to these contingencies of disease and death, without the community in which it occurs, being even aware of the outrage. What a beautiful preparation for the miasma of the West, will these unacclimated thousands experience in breathing, for twenty-four hours, the fetid vapors which an American could not endure for one.

Perhaps those whose duty it is to correct abuses of this kind, are really unaware of their existence; if so, they are liable to the censure of neglect rather than that of intention; and in either case, we trust that measures will be taken to furnish to all who travel by railway, an ample supply of the pure air of Heaven.

The Ladies' Dollar Newspaper.

The last No. of this excellent journal, contains the following:

THE LITERARY UNION.

This is the title of a quarto of sixteen pages, several Nos. of which we have received from Syracuse, N. Y. W. W. Newman is the proprietor; S. M. Winchell and James Johannot, editors. As the title imports, it is exclusively devoted to literature, but to literature of a high and useful order. The editors have the boldness to express their determination to eschew the pretty lisplings of juvenile tale-writers, and poetical misses in their teens, and all those tissues of false sentiment and vicious narrative miscalled *cheap literature*. We extract these items from the prospectus, to caution young ladies not to write until they can pronounce their words without lisping, and not to attempt poetry until they are out of their teens. At the same time, however, we do not see the connection between the pretty lisplings of the juveniles and poetical misses in their teens with false sentiment and vicious narrative. We

have heretofore attributed all such cheap literature to a very different class of writers—a very cheap class of drudgers in the walks of literature, of the opposite sex, and of very different sentiments and feelings.

We admire the spirit of our fair cotemporary, and acknowledge her kindness by our best spiritual bow. This done, we must demur to two things. She has cruelly marred the names of both editors, thereby unfitting them to listen with becoming philosophy to the *critique* which follows; for, though ladies are proverbially fond of changing their own names, the opposite sex are tenacious of the very reverse. And then, in quoting from our Prospectus, from memory (we suppose) she has made us do a very ridiculous thing. We will quote the passage, as it is:

"The pretty lisplings of juvenile tale-writers, and poetical misses in teens, on the one hand, and tissues of false sentiment and vicious narrative, mis-called 'Cheap Literature,' on the other, spiced &c."

"We do not see the connection" any more than the "Dollar," between these two kinds of Literature; nor is there any such "connection" implied in our remarks. On the contrary, we take pains to separate them. We mention a certain style of writing on the one hand, and a different style, on the other. While one class of newspapers teems with innocent shreds of moonlight and minute dew-drops largely diluted, all seasoned with a sentiment most charmingly insipid, another class horrifies the public with adventures of model pirates and initiates them into the mysteries of the human heart when the virtues have departed, and left it a prey to passion and criminality. These tales swell into "cheap novels," and answer an admirable purpose in preparing their readers for the same demoralization they describe.

We trust that we shall be relieved from the necessity of disagreeing with our esteemed critic, *per force*; for there seems, after all, to be a similarity of opinion between us, quite wonderful.

Preserving the "Union."

It is often remarked that there is no reading matter more interesting than a file of old newspapers. This is particularly true when they are published expressly for preservation. We have pored, with indescribable interest, over a volume of the old "Mirror," printed twenty years ago; and a file of the "New World," of a third that age, possesses charms greater than one in ten of the newest books.

The "LITERARY UNION" is intended expressly for binding. Every No., when received, should be stitched and the leaves cut; this done, its enjoyment will be a luxury of the rarest quality.—When the volume is complete, let the Nos. be placed in the binder's hands, who, in performing his part, will remove the advertising leaf, if desirable; this department will never exceed its two pages. Your two dollars will then have furnished you with two large volumes of a character we hope to make most acceptable.

With a view to this preservation of files, we have taken care to provide for BACK NUMBERS to an extent which we think will meet the want.

The Bible without Prayer.

The American Bible Society continues to hold its Anniversary Meetings without prayer. The Quakers object to "stated prayer"—the Episcopalians, to "extempore prayer"—and others to "liturgical prayer." Therefore, neither.

Another Revolutionary Veteran Gone—West.

Mr. Phineas Cadwell, of Fabius, during the present week, passed through this city on his way to Wisconsin, going, as he jocosely informed us, "to buy him a farm and live with his western relatives."

Mr. Cadwell took up arms in 1775, at the age of 18, and is now therefore 92. He was present at the battles of St. Johns, Quebec, Long Island, Trenton, and Princeton.

We have enjoyed many an interesting narrative of his patriotic toils; and have been surprised and delighted at the critical acumen with which he depicted the events of those trying times.—Unlike many of his patriotic compeers, Mr. Cadwell has been very temperate, and good as well as brave. Consequently, his health is excellent, his memory good, and his intellectual powers very vigorous. He is only in a "green old age."

He informed us that he has 5 children, 41 grand-children, and 62 great-grand-children—"perhaps more."

May this worthy relic of our Revolution long live to enjoy the grateful blessings of his numerous relatives, admirers, and friends.

First Ward.

Our Subscribers in the First Ward will hereafter receive their papers at the News Room of C. W. ABBOTT.

GLEANINGS.

☞ Magoon calls his "Republican Christianity" "the crystalized sweat of his brain."

☞ The splendid Law Library, called the Chancellor's Library, is to be equally divided between Syracuse and Rochester. The interest of \$50,000, for additions.

☞ AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.—Last July Brownsville, opposite Matamoras, had not a citizen's house—now 2,000 inhabitants.

☞ Gov. Dana, of Maine, recommends the establishment of "a State Agricultural School."

☞ More than 36,000 emigrants landed in New York during April.

☞ The National Temperance Jubilee, to have been held at Cincinnati, is postponed, on account of the Cholera being there.

☞ An iron founder, in Liverpool, claims to have discovered the Philosopher's Stone.

☞ Wm. H. Mitchell, brother of the Irish exile, has been appointed a clerk in the Home Department, at Washington, and has entered upon the duties of his office.

☞ Another bridge will be built across the Niagara River forthwith, to connect Queenston and Lewiston. The stock is all subscribed. The view from the center of the bridge will be grand beyond description.

☞ The editors and printers of Alabama, strongly urge the calling of a State Convention of the craft, to be held at Montgomery on the 10th of December, as the Legislature will then be in session.

☞ Father Matthew will positively sail for New York in the Ashburton, on the 22d May.

☞ Jenny Lind retires from the stage, with a fortune of from eighty to a hundred thousand pounds.

Educational.

From the Massachusetts Teacher, No. 3.

Hints for the Scholar.

LEARN TO FIX YOUR ATTENTION.—The art is to be learned by *trying*. Begin at the beginning of the lesson before you, and endeavor to study without a wandering thought; and if your thoughts do wander, call them instantly back to their duty. Shut out not only every other subject except that of the lesson, but every part and point of the lesson, except the thing which you are next to master. Let every thing beside be to you as if it were not. Be absorbed in the work. Heed not the lapse of time, nor the approach of recess, or of dinner, nor the labor, nor the laziness, of others about you. The habit of attention will certainly be of immense value to you, and *may* be worth as much as your whole being and salvation.

MASTER EVERY STEP IN ORDER.—This means two things; the first, that your progress should not merely be marked by school-terms, or by the leaves of the book, but be altogether, in every part of it, *conquest, victory*. The second is, that it should be *orderly* conquest. To pass *over* a difficulty, instead of mastering it, will only make the next more absolutely insurmountable. The only *easy* policy for you is to be thorough, and understand every thing as you go. If you would make future lessons easy and plain, make yourself perfect master of the present. If you would lay up trouble and difficulty in abundance for coming days and lessons,—if you would pile Pelion upon Ossa, on purpose to be crushed,—then excuse yourself from every thing hard, and take only what is perfectly easy, in to-day's lesson.—Do this every day, and when your class shall have finished the study, you may congratulate yourself on your perfect ignorance of the whole.

REVIEW MUCH BY AND FOR YOURSELF.—Let not the reviews of your class suffice. If you find the traces of past lessons on your memory growing dim and obscure, go back at once and carve them deeper. It is easier to revive impressions, which are just beginning to fade, than to restore them when wholly vanished. The scholar's economy lies in making and keeping all things in his mind fast and tight. In order to make easy and rapid progress, you need a memory at once so ready and retentive, that when you address yourself to your study it shall pour forth of its stores for your use, just those things which bear upon the present lesson. You need a memory that will secrete, at once and unfailingly, the precise solvent for the difficulty before you. If you would have such a memory, you must win it by diligent care and cultivation. If you would hold your knowledge in fee-simple against every claimant, you must occupy and use it. Turning over new leaves is not progress; but the riveting of old ideas faster, by perpetual use and familiarity, and continually adding to the nucleus of old knowledge some kindred principle or illustration that is new.

Senator Hale on Public Education.

A public meeting has been held at Washington, to celebrate the opening of the public schools in the first ward of that city. Mr. Hale, forward in every good work, was present to encourage efforts for the education of the people,

and made a speech. We copy a sketch of his speech from the correspondence of the Baltimore Sun:

"Senator Hale enlarged upon the duty of supporting Public Schools—of providing for the education of the whole people—of the excellence of the children of all classes—those who are to be the future sovereigns of the nation—of the duty incumbent upon all to educate their children in the Public Schools. If only the poor send their children to the Public Schools, the rich will feel little interest in their success, and they will inevitably become *poor schools*—whereas, if supported alike, *by all*, they become alike interested in making them the best schools, in point of discipline, instruction, apparatus, and means of improvement.

Experience shows that where public schools are supported by all classes, they become superior in every respect to the best private schools.—So clear did he conceive it to be his duty to support and countenance the public schools, that some time since he removed his daughter from a private to a public school, where he has always continued to educate his children. When his daughter was told that she must go to the public school, she felt a good deal of reluctance, but knowing that go she must, and being the daughter of a politician, she laid the matter before her young companions, and electioneered so well that she raised quite a "free school party," who entered, with her, the public school.

The distinguished Senator spoke of the attachment of the New Englanders to their free schools—their influence upon the character of the people, and his heartfelt interest in the success of the experiment commenced here in the metropolis of the country—the influence of which would be felt not only through this country but the civilized world.

The following is from the address to the French citizens, of the "Republicans;" drawn up by FELIX PYAT, and adopted by a Convention:

Instruction.

Moral enfranchisement must accompany material enfranchisement. Man has the right to instruction, as he has the right to labor. The State should supply him with teaching, as well as with credit. Still faithful to the traditions of our fathers, we yield to public instruction all the importance which belongs to it in a Government where the teacher forms the citizens. The Convention clearly saw that man could not be truly free without light; it had a budget of 600 millions.

Now then, of 600 millions, this Assembly of barbarians appropriated 50 to public instruction, that is, the twelfth part of its budget; the honest and moderate Republicans, with a budget of 1,800 millions, give 18 to instruction, that is, a hundredth part, so that of six millions of children, three millions receive no teaching; while one-half of the children can neither read nor write their vote, and the prisons reckon 90 illiterate among 100 convicts. It is the interest of monarchy to degrade as well as impoverish the people, in order to reduce them more easily to subjection. The Republic, whose interests are entirely opposite, should avoid the errors of the monarchy, and follow the steps of the Convention; but if it would imitate the Convention, it must appropri-

ate 150 millions, out of a budget of 1,800 millions, to public instruction.

With this proportion, the State can not only give primary and professional education to all gratuitously, but moreover indemnify the children of the poor for the spent instruction. We shall then have destroyed ignorance as well as misery; we may dispense with the executioner, reduce the army, and employ it altogether abroad as there will no longer be any enemies at home; then the people will know their rights, and when they know them they will desire them, and when they desire them they will gain them. They will then be truly free and sovereign; the Revolution will be consummated, and Order will commence.

JERROLD'S NEWS, noticing Horace Mann's last annual Report of the Board of Education of the State of Massachusetts, says, "Though addressed to Americans the remarks seem as if they were spoken at Englishmen. The Americans are wiser than we are in this respect. They do not fear that popular education will breed discontent, or that religion will suffer from the increase of secular knowledge. They look upon an educated man as better and more valuable than an ignorant man—not merely in his moral and religious capacity, but in his capacity as a worker and wealth-producer. They know that the education of the people will not make the rich poor, but that it will make the poor richer." The apologetic tone in which this subject is treated by the English press speaks loudly of the fears in that country of popular insurrection.—*Lit. World*.

The broad light which popular education has spread abroad has revealed to human eyes and hearts such glimpses of the beauty and interest of the world, that where there is a particle of soul, there springs up an earnest desire to explore creation and commune with man.

"The mind is the man."—It assimilates him to the angel and to God. 'T is this alone, of all that pertains to him in a world of living death, that will survive the conflict with nature's last enemy, and shine forth in the cloudless lustre of the world of light and love. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away. The wreath of honor fades on the brow, and falls a worthless sprig of laurel at the feet. Even friendship fails, and the tenderest love yields to indifference, or rancorous hate. Friends themselves droop and die, leaving us to weep alone amid the fading recollections of our earliest and most enduring loves, till our bodies decay and perish, and the spirit, forced from its tenement, flies hence to worlds unseen. But the MIND,—it never dies,—and the wide circle of Heaven's choicest blessings, whence it draws its aliment and bliss, instead of contracting as ages roll on, continually enlarges, while God and eternity endure."—*Braintree School Committee's Report*.

The Language of Nature.

The pages of the bright volume of Creation, that are daily and hourly unrolled before us, are "written," to use the impressive words of Lord Bacon, "in the only language which hath gone forth to the ends of the world, unaffected by the confusion of Babel."

Literary.

NEW BOOKS.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY AND ELECTRICITY, In two parts. Part 1, By B. D. Reid, M. D., F. R. S. E. Part 2, By Alexander Bain, inventor of the Electric clock. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1849.

Too often, scientific text books for schools are left to the hands of mere compilers and book-makers, and the pupil, in his eager search for knowledge, is introduced to a chaos of unintelligible facts from which he often turns in despair and disgust, after vainly attempting to elicit something like order and system. In the work before us, however, we have unmistakable evidence that the authors possess an intimate knowledge of the subjects treated, a comprehensive view of the whole subject, which forbids long dissertations upon unimportant details, and that they have a vivid perception which enables them to transmit clearly to others what they so clearly see themselves. The purely philosophical arrangement, the clearness and brevity of the work, show minds of a high order, and we cordially welcome it as a valuable addition to our school and scientific literature. While the great object of all education, mental discipline, is distinctly recognized, and made prominent, the work is made interesting and practical, and instruction is given in things nearly concerning our physical welfare.

On the whole, we consider it the best elementary work upon Chemistry we have seen, and earnestly recommend it to the notice of Teachers. The Farmer and Mechanic cannot fail of being interested and profited by its perusal.

One feature in regard to its mechanical arrangement does not strike us favorably, and that is, the questions at the bottom of the page. Such questions will undoubtedly assist a very superficial Teacher in giving a superficial knowledge to his pupils; but that they are ever of any real benefit we do not believe. The attention of the scholar is directed exclusively to the questions, and he studies to answer them; generally in the words of the text, instead of trying to comprehend the ideas and make himself master of them. We know that we are touching a very tender spot, in saying a word against questions, but the nuisance is becoming so intolerable, and in consequence our courses of instruction so shallow, that we must raise our voice against it. It is a thing of common occurrence to visit a school, and listen to a recitation, in which the teacher asks the questions contained in the text book in their order, and the pupils readily answering by repeating a number of words from the text, which you will see marked with a pencil, thus converting intellectual discipline into mere memorizing.—In many cases, should you ask a question not in the book concerning some of the plainest principles contained in the lessons, the whole class will stare in stupid amazement. In future editions of this work, we hope the fault we have pointed out will be corrected.

For Sale by Stoddard & Babcock.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 262.

Littell is always rich, and always welcome.—The present presents an unusual variety, and one which will be most acceptable to the public.

A HIGH SCHOOL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY of the English Language, abridged from the *American Dictionary of Noah Webster, L. L. D.*, with accented vocabularies of *Classical Scripture and modern Geographical names*. By William G. Webster. New York: Huntington & Savage, 1849.

We think that this edition of Dr. Webster's Dictionary, on account of its form and cheapness, is the best to introduce into our common schools. The pronunciation of Modern Geographical names, we consider an invaluable feature, and one which is peculiar to this edition, as, according to our best recollection, there is no cheap dictionary which contains it. We recommend it to the notice of Teachers.

STORIES FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY. By Lyman Preston. Huntington & Savage.

This volume contains a variety of interesting and instructive stories which may be read by the "Young and Old," with pleasure and profit.

Whoever reads it will be obliged to laugh heartily at the singular wit and peculiar idiosyncracies of the Bachelor author. It contains some valuable hints well worthy of remembrance.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY AND EXPERIENCE OF DAVID COPPERFIELD, THE YOUNGER. By Charles Dickens. New York: John Wiley.

The first No. of Dickens' new work is before us. We have looked it over and are hardly better prepared for a criticism than before.

It seems to us that the author has commenced his work as a matter of business, without waiting for the movement of the "Spirit." There is a sort of dryness in some of the details that looks very unlike Dickens, and were it not for an occasional dash of inimitable humor,—a vein of his own rich ore—we should hardly recognize the hand of the great master. Still, the fault may be our own; and we have too little confidence in our fitness, particularly at the present moment, to judge of it correctly, that we are far from even having any very decided opinion about it.

The narrative commences sometime prior to our hero's birth, and No. 1, takes him very respectfully into boyhood. His mother is described felicitously, as one of those characters who please every body by agreeable manners and goodness of heart, without having much of character. A very pretty interest is excited about a Mr. Murdstone, and the result of his marriage; the little hero is also made to topple into love with a girl somewhat younger than himself. Peggotty, the maid, is remarkable for her strong social attachments, and the facility with which she "sheds" the buttons which fasten her dress, when agitated by any strong emotion.

Of course, every body must read it, for every thing of Dickens' is "readable," at least.

For sale at Wynkoop's.

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW, March, 1849.

By some unaccountable oversight, the last No of this Standard work has not, as yet, been noticed by us.

A list of the contents may afford some idea of its character.

- I. The German Revolution of 1848.
- II. The Eternity of God.
- III. Discovery of America by the Northmen.
- IV. Character of Mr. Prescott as a Historian.
- V. Oxford Poetry.

VI. Short Reviews and Notices.
More anon.

HOME LITERATURE.

One of the most urgent wants of the South at the present time, is a sound and enlightened Home Literature. This fact cannot be too often stated. It should be repeated again, and kept before the people, till the public mind is aroused to it, and the want supplied. Literature is as essential an element of our prosperity as Commerce, Manufactures, or Agriculture. It secures to a people respect abroad, and elevation of character, refinement of tastes, and sources of exalted happiness at home.

We want Histories of the rise progress of the various Commonwealths of the South—of the stirring and often tragic adventures of their founders and early settlers—of their struggles with hardship, famine and pestilence—of their early wars with the red men and with foreign foes, and of the later contests, in which the people of the South have borne so conspicuous a part—Histories worthy of such themes. We want works on Education, worthy to give direction to the intellects of our young men and women—works which shall create a demand for higher mental culture, and a more general diffusion of knowledge among the people. We want Agricultural works, Statistics of Trade and Manufactures, etc. And we want Poetry and Romance, which shall be true to the life and scenery of our country—which shall be as intense as the matchless blue of our skies, as full of vivifying warmth as the generous sunshine of our climate, as sublime as our mountains—Poetry and Romance in which our broad savannas, our noble rivers, our dark piney woods, and our gloomy, deathhaunted swamps and lagoons, shall seem to translate themselves into words, and in which, whatever is courteous, generous, liberal, free, hospitable, and magnanimous, in the character of our people, shall be properly commemorated.

In making these remarks, we have no desire to foster improper sectionalism. American Literature should be something higher and broader than the literature of the South or of the North. It should embrace this and much more. But each section of our country should have its own peculiar Home Literature—a Literature that shall be distinctive and characteristic.

We cannot here enter into a consideration of the causes which have led to the comparative neglect of Literature in the South. We believe they are causes which can be removed, and we call upon all who have the interests of their native land at heart, to use their best endeavors to seek out these causes, and to apply the proper remedy.

A few generous, self-sacrificing spirits, have done nobly for the cause of Literature in the South. They have received little reward, except in the consciousness of having toiled and suffered in a good cause. We hope and believe that we witness the dawning of a brighter day. The great want of which we have spoken, begins to be felt by the best minds of the South. One important point, then, has been gained. The recognition of the need of a Home Literature, will lead to the creation of such a Literature—so, at least, we trust. Are we right? We must await the future for an answer.—*Richard's Weekly Gazette*.

News.

FOREIGN.

England.

A large number of petitions have been presented in the House of Lords against the repeal of the Navigation Laws.

One also complaining of agricultural distress.

The Rate-in-Aid Bill for the relief of Ireland, has passed the Commons.

Mr. Ewart's bill for the abolition of capital punishment, was rejected.

Ireland.

Famine is making awful ravages.

In the poorhouse of Ballinrobe, one hundred and thirty-six registered deaths occurred in one week.

In some portions, the few miserable men, who obtain labor, receive for it one pound of yellow (corn) meal, or less than one penny, per day. If this continues a few months more, it is said that one able bodied man cannot be found in twenty, or thirty miles of country.

France.

A strict supervision is being exercised by the Government, over the preliminary electoral meetings.

The Central Bonapartists Committee have offered to make Napoleon Bonaparte a candidate for the Department of the Seine. He has accepted the nomination. The breach between himself and his cousin, Louis, is complete.

Business continues to improve.

It is said the Prince de Joinville is to be a candidate from the Upper Marne.

Spain.

The *Parisian Moniteur* announces the arrest of the distinguished Carlist chief, Cabrera. His forces are said to be completely routed.

Italy.

Radetsky has been instructed by the Emperor to withdraw the extravagant conditions imposed upon the Piedmontese. They originated in the Austrian Cabinet. The negotiations are proceeding favorably.

Venice remains unconquered, and prepared for a vigorous defense.

The Sardinian squadron has sailed away, leaving several Austrian ships of war.

The French have occupied Civita Vecchia with the consent of the authorities.

It is rumored that the Romans have risen against the Triumvirate and pronounced for Pius IX.

The Sicilians have been invariably defeated by the Neapolitans; arrangements are being made for a treaty of peace.

Austria and Hungary.

The new Austrian Commander-in-Chief, Welden, called the best general in the service, has been defeated in a great battle by the Magyars.

The Imperialists have evacuated Pesth, and have raised the siege of Comorn.

Bem has gone to Temeswar.

Windischgratz has arrived at Prague.

The vanguard of the Russian army, composed of Cossacks, is said to be approaching Upper Hungary.

The King has dissolved the second chamber.

Disturbances of a revolutionary character have occurred at Berlin, but were promptly suppressed

by the soldiery, aided by citizens. The city remains in a state of siege.

Germany.

The King of Hanover has dissolved the House of Commons.

The Bavarian Government declines recognizing the new German Constitution.

In Saxony the Chambers have been dissolved. The excitement caused in Leipsic, is intense.

The Brunswick Chamber of Deputies has unanimously declared in favor of the new German Constitution, and resolved to uphold it.

Denmark and the Duchies.

Another battle has been fought at Kolding.—By the German account, Schleswig Holstein was victorious in every part of the field.

The Danish ex-Minister, Oria Lehmann, whose efforts are said to have caused this war, has been taken prisoner.

India.

The Sikh army, consisting of 16,000 men, and 160 cannon, has been surrendered to the British.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A terrible fire has occurred in St. Louis. The whole number of houses destroyed is 418. The number of lives lost is supposed to be about 20; the loss of property \$6,000,000. The insurance companies generally, will pay their liabilities.

The Crevasse at New Orleans is making fearful headway. Catfish were caught in the streets of the city.

There seems to be no present prospect of stopping this terrible flood. By one account, the water was rising at the rate of an inch per hour.

The steamer *Empire* was sunk opposite the village of Newburgh, on the evening of the 17th, by coming in contact with the schooner *Noah Brown*. A large number of lives were lost.

Gen. Worth died at Antonio de Bexar, on the 7th inst. He fell a victim to the prevailing Cholera.

INSANE ASYLUM IN ALABAMA.—We learn by the *Montgomery Daily Journal* and the *Tuscaloosa Independent Monitor*, that Miss D. L. Dix, the celebrated philanthropist, is making an effort for the establishment of an Insane Asylum under State patronage—no institution of the kind existing in Alabama. Miss Dix's remarkable success in other States, particularly in North Carolina, will no doubt secure Legislative action on the subject at the next session. Miss Dix proposes carrying her views personally before the Legislature, and in the meantime she has forwarded to the Secretary of State her effective North Carolina memorials introductory to any action on the humane project.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Slave Trade.

A letter from Rio Janerio, published in *New York Journal of Commerce*, says:

"The slave trade is carried on to a very great extent here. Notwithstanding the efforts that are made by the English and Americans, vessels are continually hovering about the coast. They manage to supply the market, and will supply it, at any risk; and they export, annually, as I am told by good authority, over one hundred thousand slaves. Five hundred and sixty slaves landed night before last, near our hotel, without any secrecy whatever."

Political.

Causes for Divorce.

The following statement of the causes for which absolute divorces are now granted by the laws of the several States of this Union, is attached to the report recently made by Mr. Cornell, to the New York Legislature:

Maine.—Desertion five years, joining Shakers, imprisonment in the State Prison or Penitentiary five years, drunkenness three years.

New Hampshire.—Desertion or absence not heard of three years, three years neglect of family, extreme cruelty.

Massachusetts.—Imprisonment seven years.

Rhode Island.—Desertion five years, neglect of family, habitual drunkenness, extreme cruelty, and also for any other gross misbehavior and wickedness in either of the parties, repugnant to and in violation of the marriage covenant.

Connecticut.—Desertion three years, absence not heard from seven years.

Vermont.—Desertion three years, cruelty, imprisonment three years, absence seven years, neglect.

New Jersey.—Desertion five years.

Pennsylvania.—Desertion two years, cruelty.

Ohio.—Desertion three years by either party, extreme cruelty, gross neglect, habitual drunkenness, three years actual imprisonment.

Indiana.—Cruelty, habitual drunkenness, two years imprisonment, and any other cause where the court, in the exercise of sound discretion, shall deem it reasonable and proper that a divorce should be granted.

Illinois.—Desertion two years, cruelty, drunkenness, two years imprisonment for crime.

Michigan.—Desertion two years, habitual drunkenness, imprisonment three years.

Virginia.—Desertion, cruelty, imprisonment.

Delaware, Maryland and Georgia.—Divorces in these States seem to be left entirely to the Legislature.

Tennessee.—Desertion, two years imprisonment.

Kentucky.—Desertion three years, felony, neglect to live with wife or husband, joining any sect which disavows marriage.

North Carolina.—Desertion, drunkenness, or any other just cause in discretion of court.

Louisiana.—Desertion five years, cruelty, imprisonment for infamous crime.

Mississippi.—Desertion five years.

Missouri.—Desertion two years, cruelty, habitual drunkenness two years, vagrancy, charging wife with infidelity.

Arkansas.—Desertion one year, cruelty, imprisonment for felony, drunkenness one year.

Wisconsin.—Desertion two years, cruelty, drunkenness.

NOTE.—The causes mentioned above are grounds for absolute and not limited divorce.

Adultery and impotency, are, of course, grounds for divorce in all the States.

Doctors Differ.

The *Herald of Saturday* had a leader on European Affairs of which the following is an average specimen:

"In enumerating and grouping the different events in Europe since the receipt of the last intelligence, one of the most pregnant of them is the final disposition which has been made of the faction of Soci-

alists, and the fall of the agitators in the French Republic. Those disorganizing agitators—whether Fourierites or Red Republicans, or Socialists, or whatever else they may be called—have been banished by the French Government—some of them imprisoned; and we suppose others will meet a similar fate, if they do not conduct themselves with more propriety toward the existing condition of things in Paris.

The *Courier & Enquirer* of the same morning has a Paris letter of late date, from an evidently well informed source, which says:

"The most energetic efforts, by means of propagand, are made on the one side to gain, on the other side to keep the Army. I fear, from all I see and hear in private, that Socialism is making sad strides in the ranks. I cannot but disapprove the rigid exclusion from the barracks of all Democratic, Republican, and Socialist journals and Republications. Free discussion must be the rule in a truly Republican Government. The soldiers are freemen—are voters—and have consequently the right to hear fully and freely both sides and all sides. The Moderates and the Reactionists, however, are sparing no pains or money to spread broadcast their Anti-Socialists doctrines. They should be left free to operate without the intervention of force."

The reader will judge which of these conflicting statements is true—that of an honest and well informed conservative in Paris, who sees what is going on there and reports it honestly, though he wishes the facts were otherwise, or that an impudent charlatan in America, who habitually asserts whatever he wishes to have believed and endeavors to brazen it out by dint of audacity and a baseless affection of knowing more than his neighbors.

Incendiary Publications by Mail.

The South is now being flooded by abolition documents and newspapers. Whilst the *Anti-Slavery Standard* continues its offensive visits, we observe another of the same sort—the *Pennsylvania Freeman*—has commenced to be circulated in the Southern States. We respectfully invite the attention of President Taylor "the man of the South," to the management of the Post Office Department. These documents are treasonable.—The *Freeman* denounces the Constitution of the United States as an "infamous and wicked covenant."—These publications are not only insulting to the people of the South, but are intended to overthrow our institutions and plunge the country into the direst evils.

The Government, under the Constitution, we believe has the entire control of the Post Office Department, and also the power to regulate what matter shall be carried through the mail. In the absence of legislative enactment then—for we believe no law exists on the subject, Mr. Calhoun's bill in 1836 having been lost at its final reading in the Senate—we conceive it to be the duty of the Executive—a duty which he owes to the people of the South—that he should endeavor to fill the Post Office Department with men who will not, by virtue of their office, aid in circulating these documents in the Southern States where they are prohibited by law.

The recent and increasing circulation of these documents is beyond doubt attributable to the knowledge that the Postmaster General is a thorough going free soil man: and in all probability

an Abolitionist; and it is a bad beginning for the administration of a Southern President that the enemies of our institutions should have such confidence in the agents of the Post Office Department, and that their confidence, thus far, has not been misplaced. There were scarcely one of these documents or papers circulated under the late administration.—*S. Carolinian*, (Columbia, S. C.)

We are utterly at a loss whether our friend, the Editor of the *South Carolinian*, is in earnest or not, but doubtless many of his readers must think him so. What a pretty canopy of middle aged twilight those readers must dwell under!—They do not seem to have the slightest apprehension of what nineteenth century republicanism is. They seem to be perfectly ignorant of the great discovery of this age, that "error of opinion may safely be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." They seem to suppose that republicanism is to be fostered by the antiquated king craft, Russia iron extinguishers, Venetian blinds, inquisitors, censors, gags, hemp, tar, and peremptory silence applied to thought and types. Why, men alive, it was found out some years ago that no institution is worth keeping, or can be kept in a republic, which cannot stand the freest possible motion of the press.—*Chronotype*.

Slavery in the District of Columbia.

The Legislature of Michigan, before its adjournment, adopted the following joint resolutions, submitted by the Hon. E. G. Berry, in the Senate, relative to Slavery and the Slave trade in the District of Columbia:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Michigan, that the existence of Slavery and the Slave trade at the seat of our National Government, "is an evil of serious magnitude, which greatly impairs the reproach of inconsistency upon the free institutions established among us."

Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives requested to urge the passage of a law that shall put an end to the Slave trade in the District of Columbia without delay, and also provide for ascertaining the views of the people of said District upon the question of the entire abolition of Slavery therein.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to forward copies of the foregoing resolution to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

The vote on their adoption stood, in the Senate, ayes 17 nays 5—in the House, ayes 37, nays 8.

Emancipation in Kentucky.

An anti-Emancipation meeting was held in Fayette on the 31st. The following resolutions were adopted, among others:

Resolved, That the institution of Slavery, as it exists in Kentucky, is not "inconsistent with a state of sound morality," nor is it prejudicial to the best interests of the Commonwealth, nor to the real happiness of the negro himself.

Resolved, That any provision in the new Constitution for the immediate or gradual emancipation of Slavery in our State, would be fraught with incalculable injury to the people of our Commonwealth.

Resolved, That we will not support any candidate for the Convention who is in favor of the Negro Law of 1833, so called, being incorporated

in the Constitution, or who is in favor of either constitutional or legislative emancipation.

Hon. A. K. Woolford, and R. N. Wickliffe were appointed Delegates, to the Convention.

Proudhon's Political Economy.

We resume our statement of the Economical Principles of the great French Radical, and in order to meet the curiosity of our readers abandon the logical order of their development, and commence with the last and most startling of all his propositions:

PROPERTY.

Property, *de facto et de jure*, is contradictory in its nature, and this is the precise ground why it is an actual thing.

"In fact, Property is the right of possession; at the same time it is the right of exclusion.

"Property is the reward of labor; and at the same time the negation of labor.

"Property is the immediate product of society; and the dissolution of society.

"Property is an institution of justice; and PROPERTY IS ROBBERY.

"From all this it follows that Property will yet be transformed according to a positive, complete, social, and true idea; whereby, the old institution of Property being abolished, it will become equally real and beneficent for all. And the proof of this is, once again, the fact that Property is a Contradiction."

A WRONG PROCEEDING.—The Utica Observer scouts the idea of a re-union of the democracy.—It is supposed to union with the free soil democrats on any terms. We are sorry to see the Observer thus laboring to perpetuate the old divisions. It is certain that the democratic party can never succeed as long as they are so divided and arrayed against each other. We can see no just ground to prevent a re-union, unless it be considered justifiable for us to continue fighting each other, so as to enable the whigs to remain in power forever. Even on the free soil question, we do not believe there is any real difference of opinion among democrats. All are opposed to slavery aggression, and all are in favor of maintaining the compromises of the Constitution inviolate. Then why make this the ground of further contention? We would not recommend a union not based upon principle, but we believe the democratic Jeffersonian platform is large enough for all true democrats to stand upon.—*Budget*.

¶ The Richmond, (Ky.) Chronicle, is in favor of the Home Exemption. It says:

Now that Kentucky is upon the eve of framing a new Constitution, and giving to her people a new organic law, we desire that the homestead question may be discussed before the people, and if approbated by them, that a clause exempting homesteads from execution be embodied in the new Constitution.

A LAWYER'S BILL.—Do the readers of Theodore Hook remember the bill presented by the Attorney to Jack Bragg when he was purchasing his yacht? It is the profession on both sides of the Atlantic, and every where else we suppose:—

To being asked by Mr. Bragg what I thought best, a brig or a schooner? 6s. 3d.

To answer I did not know, 13s. 4d.

Agricultural.

The Farmer's Daughter.

She may not in the mazy dance,
With jeweled maidens vie;
She may not smile on courtly swain
With soft bewitching eye;
She cannot boast a form and mien
That lavish wealth has brought her,
But, ah, she has much fairer charms,
The Farmer's peerless daughter!

The rose and lily on her cheek
Together love to dwell;
Her laughing blue eyes wreath around
The heart a witching spell;
Her smile is bright as morning's glow
Upon the dewy plain,
And listening to her voice we dream
That Spring has come again.

The timid fawn is not more mild,
Nor yet more gay and free;
The lily's cup is not more pure,
In all its purity;—
Of all the wild flowers in the wood,
Or by the crystal water,
There's none more pure or fair than she—
The Farmer's peerless daughter!

The haughty belle, whom all adore,
On downy pillow lies—
While forth upon the dewy lawn
The merry maiden hies;
And with the lark's uprising song,
Her own clear voice is heard—
Ye may not tell which sweetest sings,
The maiden or the bird.

Then tell me not of jeweled fair—
The brightest jewel yet
Is the heart where virtue dwells
And innocence is set!
The glow of health upon her cheek—
The grace no rule hath taught her—
The fairest wreath that beauty twines,
Is for the Farmer's daughter.

From the N. E. Farmer.

Promptness.

THERE is no calling in which promptness is more important than in that of the cultivator. A great deal depends on doing every thing in the proper season. In vain to him come the various seasons, bringing seed time and harvest, if he be not ready to sow and reap at the proper time.—A short delay in planting may affect the crop materially. If the land be naturally rather wet, a delay of one day in sowing, after it is sufficiently dry, and a storm ensuing, may cause a further delay of one or two weeks, in a wet period, and this may cause a late crop, and a failure from rust or blight.

In raising a root crop, a few days of procrastination may extend the time of sowing to the hot, dry season, and the consequence is often a failure of seeds, and the blame, justly due to neglect, may fall upon the seedsman.

A few days too late in destroying weeds, and often the labor will be twice as much; and this delay on one piece of land may cause delay in weeding the whole farm or plantation, and the consequence is, a large increase of labor, and of-

ten a depreciation in the crop for want of attention in due season. A farmer informed us that he was once too late in weeding an acre of carrots, and the weeds were so numerous and rank, that he found it the most economical way to plow the land, turn under the weeds, and sow anew.

In harvesting hay or grain, a single hour of delay may cause a loss of more than can be earned in a week. One day too late in gathering transient fruits, and a storm succeeding, the consequence may be the loss of the whole crop.

One day too late in cutting up a field of late corn, and the frost may kill it in the milk, so that it will not be worth harvesting; but if cut up and shocked, the crop might be fair. One day too late in gathering winter fruit, and a frost may destroy a large part. By leaving fruit out one day too late after harvesting, it may be spoiled by cold weather. A little too late in gathering cabbages, potatoes, and other roots, and a hard frost will enclose them, and Winter spread his white mantle over the earth.

A thousand cases may be named in which the farmer suffers great loss by being too late. It is impossible for the cultivator to perform every operation at the very best point of time; but he should endeavor to do it, and make his arrangement so as not to have more work on hand than he can do at the proper season. And he should always consider that one day too late, may be the same as months too late, or forever too late.

From the Working Farmer.

Cleansing the Bark of Fruit Trees.

This operation should be performed in early spring, as well as in midsummer. The rough, loose parts of the bark should be scraped off, as well as moss and other parasites. The bark should then be covered with the following mixture, as high as the operator can reach, with an ordinary long-handled whitewash brush: five pounds whale oil soap, one pound fine salt, one pound fine sand, two pounds potash, two ounces nitrate of soda, dissolved or mixed with water to the consistency of cream, and thoroughly rubbed upon the bark.

Many kinds of insects are kept from trees by a solution of whale oil soap alone, and many such as are resident in the crevices of the bark are destroyed by salt. The fine sand is intended, during the rubbing, to scratch the outer coating of the bark, and thus assist the other ingredients for more perfect action. The potash and nitrate of soda will decompose or soften the dead parts of the bark, so that during the summer they will be thrown off by the healthy action of the growing bark. If the above mixture be applied in dry weather, it will become so hard as to remain during several showers, and thus have time to perform its office. Trees with smooth bark, such as the plum, many of the cherries, &c., should be rubbed with a wet, rough, woollen cloth, in a few hours after applying the mixture: this rubbing will cause the sand to clean the surface so perfectly as to give the bark an improved and more healthy surface. Trees so cleansed are not as likely to be revisited by insects as those left with their natural surfaces, nor are they as likely to become bark-bound. Indeed we have never known a tree to exhibit the disease called *bark-bound*, the surface of the trunk of which had been softened by a soap wash in early spring. The cherry, apricot, peach, and nectarine, are subject,

when left to their natural state, to this disease, and it has usually been attributed to too rich or too moist a soil; and underdraining and slitting the bark lengthwise with the knife, are the usual remedies. The one is expensive, and often impossible where choice trees are planted, and the other is barbarous and unsightly, causing exhalation of gum and consequent canker. In any case, a few applications of soap to the surface of the part hide-bound, will remove the difficulty, and the mixture before recommended may be applied, slightly warmed, when required, to soften the bark of a hide-bound tree.

Turning in Green Crops.

The stage at which crops turned into the soil would be of the greatest value as manure, is a point of considerable importance. Heretofore it has been a common opinion that plants produced the most beneficial results in this respect, when they had attained their greatest bulk and weight, and before there had been any diminution from drying or ripening. Several experiments however, seem to show that where a large bulk of green vegetable matter is placed in the soil, the sap runs into the acetous fermentation—producing an acid injurious to growing crops.

ANDREW NICHOLS, of Danvers, Mass., states to the officers of the Essex County Ag. Society, that he cut a crop of corn fodder in the month of September, and had it carefully buried in the soil by the plow. The result, he says, "was no benefit to the land, the loss of the crop plowed in, and half the crop of corn planted thereon the succeeding year." He accounts for these facts on the following theory: "The stalks had fermented, and been converted chiefly into alcohol and vinegar—the former flying off by evaporation, and the latter uniting with the alkaline or ferruginous earths—forming salts less fertilizing perhaps, than their bases, as they existed in the soil previous to their uniting with the acid."

We have heard of similar results from plowing in green clover, buckwheat and grass. Hence, better effects follow from allowing the crop to become so dry before plowing it in, that the acetous fermentation will not take place. We believe this is the conclusion now held by some of our best farmers who are in the habit of plowing in clover.

Curious Mode of Grafting the Grape Vine.

A gentleman in the neighborhood of Oporto, split a vine shoot (white grapes) very carefully down the middle, cutting the bud in half, and then split a corresponding shoot on a black vine, and united them as in common grafting, and, after many experiments, succeeded in making the graft grow, and the produce of the vine was white and black fruit on the same bunch.

MR. LINDLEY, a celebrated London professor, says, "there is not a single gardener who is master of his profession, who does not know how injurious a high nocturnal temperature is to plants. The coolness of nights is to plants what sleep is to animals. This law may to some extent be violated for a time, but the plants cannot, on pain of loss of life, be deprived of their proper periods of repose."

MUCK.—The muck from alder swamps would improve the fertility of a gravelly soil.

Opinions of the Press.

We subjoin a few notices which have met our eye, for the purpose of indicating the manner in which our enterprise is regarded by the press.—For the courtesy they have shown us, they will please accept our thanks.

From the Skaneateles Columbian.

THE LITERARY UNION, a weekly paper, of 16 pages royal quarto, was commenced at Syracuse, on the 7th of April last, at \$2 per year, in advance.—W. W. Newman, proprietor, J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. It is neatly executed, and, judging from the number before us, we should think it a very valuable publication, of a higher and better character than many others for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

From the Monthly Rose, (Boston.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new weekly newspaper published at Syracuse, N. Y. Its mechanical appearance is excellent; its literary department displays good taste; and it should be well sustained. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, Editors.

From the Lily.

THE LITERARY UNION.—This is the title of a new literary weekly paper, published in Syracuse, the second and third numbers of which are before us. It is in quarto form, containing 16 pages, and makes a fine appearance. It is designed to be an independent paper, and reformatory in its character. It is edited with ability, and bids fair to become a valuable accession to our periodical literature. W. W. Newman proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. Terms \$2 a year in advance.

From the Chitopee Telegraph.

THE LITERARY UNION is the name of a paper professing to be independent of everything, which is published weekly at Syracuse. The second number has just reached us, and is a handsome sheet. The one idea of the publication is to be progress. To furnish the public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, it promises shall be its effort; to wean the public taste from a false and demoralizing literature, its high aim. If it accomplishes a portion of the work it has appointed itself to do, it will have done well. We wish it complete success.

From the Syracuse Journal.

THE LITERARY UNION.—The second number of this well printed and well filled publication, is upon our table. It is in the hands of intelligent and persevering men, and cannot fail to succeed. The extracts are varied, in good taste, and of an elevated tone. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell, and James Johnnot, Editors.

From the Syracuse Reveille.

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new literary weekly paper just commenced in this city, by W. W. Newman, Proprietor—J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, Editors. It is published in Royal Quarto form, and makes a very handsome appearance. The matter, both original and selected, is excellent. It is designed to be an independent paper, speaking on all the great questions of Reform. The Editors are young gentlemen possessing a high order of talent, and are capable of making up a paper of great value to the people. Such a paper is needed in Western New York; therefore, we hope the Literary Union will receive that support which it so richly merits.

Terms, \$2. Palmer, Agent.

From the Impartial Citizen, (Syracuse.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a newspaper published in this city, by W. W. Newman, and edited by J. M. Winchell and J. Johnnot.—The Union is both a literary and a reformatory paper. It is published weekly, on a royal quarto sheet containing 16 pages, at \$2 a year, in advance.

We rejoice at this accession to our city periodical literature. The Union will, doubtless, serve

good purposes. Its leading articles are able and instructive. Its typographical execution bespeaks the professional tact and talent of Messrs. Agan & Summers, the printers.

Speaking of Syracuse newspapers, the Albany Argus says:

To these we add "The Literary Union," the first number of which is before us, in handsome quarto, issued weekly, by W. W. Newman, proprietor, and J. M. Winchell and Jas. Johnnot, editors. It professes to be "independent in everything," and evinces industry and capacity.

From the "Excelsior," (Boston.)

LITERARY UNION.—This is the name of a new candidate for favor from the public, published at Syracuse, and got up in very attractive style. It is ably conducted, well-filled, and guarantees a high tone of sentiment. From the specimen number, we should think it would become immensely popular.

From the Literary American, (N. Y.)

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the first number of a very neat weekly paper, bearing the above title, from Syracuse, N. Y., which, so far as our knowledge extends, bears the palm from all the various journals in the west of our State. Its form, title and arrangements, remind us of our own appearance, prior to our enlargement. It is edited with ability by Messrs. Winchell and Johnnot, and promises to be a valuable addition to our periodical literature.

From the Rochester American.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We believe we have hitherto omitted proper mention of the above weekly paper, recently started at Syracuse by W. W. Newman as proprietor, and Messrs. Winchell and Johnnot as editors. The conductors of the *Literary Union* are gentlemen who feel a strong interest in education. Their enterprise, therefore, appeals to teachers and others who feel a like interest. The paper is handsomely printed, and looks like one destined to succeed. We trust and believe the editors are not among the inconsiderate many, who engage in journalism without counting the cost it involves of time, labor, brains and money. Success to them.

From the Universelum.

"LITERARY UNION."—We welcome to the list of our exchanges a weekly paper of the above title, of which we have just received the second number. Judging from the specimen before us, its literary character, moral tone, and typographical execution, would seem to be of a high order. "The great idea which will pervade this journal," say its editors, "is PROGRESS;" and it comes out under the motto, "Independent in every thing." It is issued in royal quarto form, each No. containing sixteen pages, and is published by W. W. NEWMAN, Syracuse, N. Y., at \$2.00 per annum in advance.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the second number of a well edited weekly periodical with this title, published in Syracuse, New York. "Of the making of papers there is no end."

From the Syracuse Central City.

We have received the second number of the *Literary Union*, published in this city by W. W. Newman, and edited by Messrs. Johnnot and Winchell. All of these gentlemen, we believe, are engaged in the public schools of this city, and are favorably known both as teachers and gentlemen of literary taste and attainments.—We hope it will not be deemed unkind in us when we say that the success of the paper is extremely doubtful. The field is pre-occupied by journals published in the eastern cities of established reputation and circulation. We believe it is not far from the truth to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred attempts to publish literary journals in the country, prove utter failures. Nothing will gratify us more than to see the *Literary Union* an exception.

Prospectus of Littell's Living Age.

THIS work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, his highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase the variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchant, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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Corn, bush	50	Solar Salt, bbl	1 75
Oats, bush	27	Bag Salt, 20 lbs.	10
Barley, bush	45	Bag Salt, 28 lbs.	14
Rye, bush	50	Salt Barrels,	22
Potatoes, bush	75	Flour Barrels,	26
Onions, bush	50	Sheep Pelts, 50a1	00
Beans, bush	75	Lamb Skins,	40a75
Apples, bush	38	Hard wood, cord	4 00
Dried Apples, bush	63	Soft wood.	1 75a2 25
Butter, lb.	14	Beef, on foot, 4	00a4 50
Cheese, lb	6a7	Pork, cwt.	5 50a5 69
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